

GANGWAY FOR ADVENTURE!! HERE'S



MONTY HALL of the U.S. MARINES

NO. 11

10¢

APRIL 1953





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MONJU ISLAND

A
MONTY HALL of the
U.S. MARINES
ADVENTURE

MAN, WE SURE GOT A LOT OF IMPORTANT BRASS LOCKED UP HERE.

YEAH, BUT I'D RATHER BE ON THE FRONT LINE THAN PULLING THIS DUTY.

YOU SAID IT... THESE GUYS ARE NUTS!

OFF THE COAST OF KOREA LIES THE FOG-SHROUDED ISLAND OF MONJU. HERE TWO HUNDRED OF THE RIOT LEADERS AT KOJE ISLAND ARE ISOLATED... GUARDED BY THE U.S. MARINES!

AND ONE DAY AS MONTY CHECKS HIS SENTRIES...

PST... HEY, MARINE. I'VE GOT TO TALK FAST.

WHAT? ... SAY, YOU'RE SPEAKING ENGLISH!

I'M A CIC AGENT* I CAN'T TALK NOW. THE REDS ARE PLANNING A BREAK. MEET ME HERE TOMORROW!

CHECK... BE CAREFUL. I'LL BE HERE TOMORROW AT 0730.



*GOUNTER INTELLIGENCE CORPS.

HONORABLE COMRADE
SEEMS TOO FRIENDLY
WITH YANKEE SWINE.

IS SO. OUR MISSION IS TOO
IMPORTANT TO RISK ON
POSSIBLE TRAITOR. SEE
THAT COMRADE IS RE-
MOVED... TONIGHT!



SIR, SERGEANT HALL REPORTING.
ONE OF THE POW'S A CIC
AGENT.

I KNOW THAT THEN...
SERGEANT, AN
MESSAGE?



HE SAYS THE REDS ARE
ARMED AND PLANNING
A BREAK!

WELL, WE'VE GOT TO
THROW A WRENCH IN IT
BEFORE IT HAS A CHANCE
TO GET STARTED!



I WANT YOU TO KEEP IN CONTACT WITH
THAT AGENT. REPORT ANY NEW DETAILS
IMMEDIATELY.

AYE-
AYE
SIR!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

IT'S THE CIC MAN!...THE MURDERING DEVILS!



TOO
LATE!
HE'S
DEAD!

I'D LIKE TO TEAR
INTO THIS MOB
OF SNAKES.

THAT'S OUT, BUT
JUST LET ONE OF
'EM TRY SOME-
THING...



ON THE AGENT'S BODY MONTY FINDS A CRYPTIC MESSAGE!



AS MONTY EYES THE GRINNING REDS, ONE POW GIVES HIM THE OLD AMERICAN SIGN OF RECOGNITION...



THINKING RAPIDLY, MONTY RAPS OUT AN ORDER—



TEX, ROUND UP TEN OF THESE RATS FOR QUESTIONING BY THE CO.

CHECK,... AND I HOPE THEY WON'T COME!

MONTY MAKES SURE THAT NUMBER "ONE-THREE-EIGHT" IS AMONG THE PRISONERS TO BE QUESTIONED.



OKAY, BREAK IT UP AND GET BACK TO YOUR HUTS.

DON'T BE BASHFUL, CHUM... GET INTO THAT GROUP.

AND THE POW'S ARE MADE TO CARRY THE MURDERED AGENT FROM THE COMPOUND.



SERGEANT HALL, THIS IS AGENT CHANG LAI. HE SAYS YOUR INGENUITY IS TO BE COMMENDED.

THAT WAS FAST THINKING, MARINE. I'M SURE NONE OF THE OTHERS SUSPECT ME.

THANKS, SIR. I FIGURED YOU'D WANT TO MAKE A DETAILED REPORT TO THE MAJOR!





SIR, THE REDS HAVE A RADIO AND WEAPONS HIDDEN IN...

WHAT! WHERE DID THEY GET THEM?



THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT, SIR. WHAT IS, IS THAT THEY'RE PLANNING A BREAK-OUT FOR TONIGHT!

ALL RIGHT THEN... GIVE ME A COMPLETE REPORT!



WELL, SIR, THE BREAK WILL COME ABOUT TEN TONIGHT. WHEN THEY'VE TAKEN THE BASE, A LANTERN HANGING FROM THE FLAG POLE WILL SUMMON A RED SUB TO PICK THEM UP.



A SUB, EH? CORPORAL, GET ON THAT RADIO. I WANT TO SEND A MESSAGE TO THE MARINE AIR WING AND TO THE NAVY.

A YE AYE, SIR.



THE WEAPONS ARE CONCEALED UNDER THE FLOOR BOARDS OF HUT NO. 2. THEY'VE A TRANSMITTER IN HUT NO. 3.

GOOD WORK, CHANG, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT GEAR.

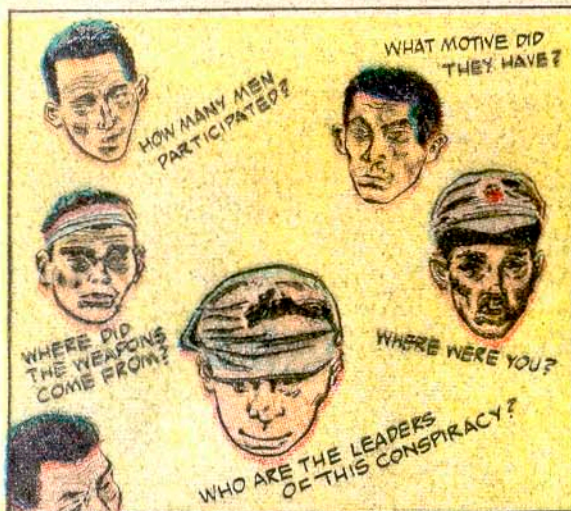


CHANG, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO THROW YOU BACK IN THE SNAKE PIT. WE'VE GOT TO KNOW EVERY MOVE THE REDS MAKE.

I VOLUNTEERED FOR THE JOB, SIR!

ENVY YOU! GOOD LUCK, SIR.

TO AVOID SUSPICION, THE REMAINING NINE REDS ARE GRILLED FOR HOURS!



AND EXACTLY AT H-HOUR...



INSIDE HUT NUMBER THREE...



AT EIGHT O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT THE MARINES ARE READY...



THE INMATES OF HUT NUMBER TWO ARE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE.



OKAY, LET THEM GO BACK TO SLEEP. SERGEANT, DOUBLE THE GUARD, WE MAY STILL HAVE TROUBLE TONIGHT.

AYE, AYE, SIR.

SERGEANT, I THINK THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH. BUT YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT THESE FANATICS WILL PULL NEXT. HAVE SOMEONE RIG A LIGHT FOR THAT RED SUB.

CHECK, SIR. CANARSIE IS GETTING A LANTERN NOW.

I GUESS THAT'S BIG ENOUGH!

SURE, YOU COULD SEE THAT IN BROOKLYN!

AND OUT ON A STORMY SEA A SQUADRON OF DESTROYERS PLUNGES THROUGH THE ICY KOREAN WATERS TOWARD MONJU ISLAND...

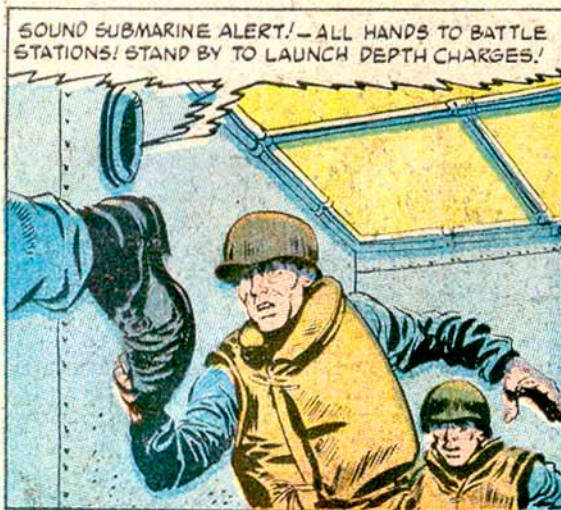
OBSERVE, HONORABLE CAPTAIN, EVEN NOW LANTERN SHINE AS SYMBOL OF VICTORY OVER YANKEE DOGS.

ISSO. PREPARE TO BLOW BALLAST FOR SURFACING!

TOUGH TO SEE ANYTHING IN THIS SEA.

SIR, LOOK THERE! PERISCOPE BREAKING OFF THE PORT BOW!

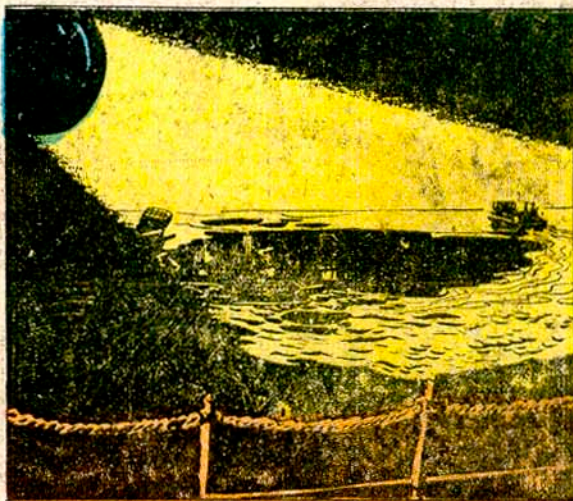
3 IMMEDIATELY THE WELL-TRAINED CREW SWINGS INTO ACTION!



5 SWIFTLY, A DEADLY PATTERN OF ASHCANS * IS LAID AROUND THE SUB.



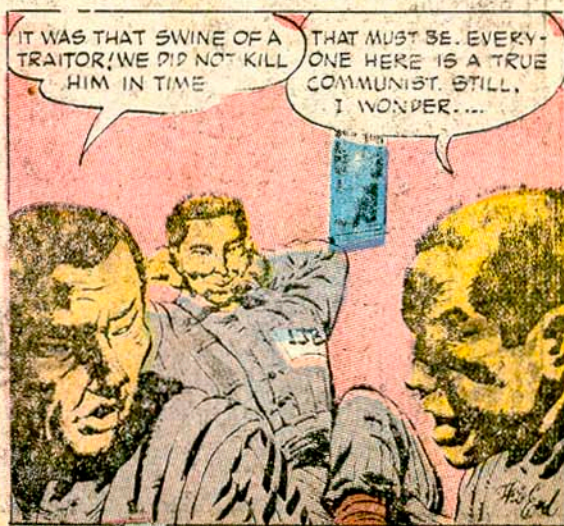
4 AN EVER WIDENING OIL SLICK IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE COMMUNIST SUBMARINE...



6 BACK AT MONJU ISLAND, THE DANGER IS PAST... FOR TONIGHT ANYWAY.



4 AND INSIDE HUT NO 2, AN UNSUNG HERO LISTENS TO THE RANTINGS OF THE BAFFLED COMMUNISTS.



A
MONTY HALL of the
U.S. MARINES
ADVENTURE

THE SWAT PARADE

STOP THE GOOFING OFF! WE NEED
THAT MORTAR NOW, NOT TWO
DAYS FROM NOW!

WHY NOT? GOT TO THINK
OF MY CAREER, DON'T I?

BONUS BOY'S HAVIN'
TROUBLE, MONTY. AFRAID
OF SOMETHIN' HURTIN'
HIS PITCHIN' ARM!

NEW ADDITION TO SGT. MONTY HALL'S OUT-
FIT IS ONE SPUD RIGGS, ROOKIE WONDER
FROM THE BIG LEAGUES, WHO FOUND TO HIS
SURPRISE THAT THE ALL-AMERICAN GAME OF
BASE BALL COULD BE A DANGEROUS
WEAPON AGAINST THE REDS!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TREES AND
ROCKS OVER THERE, CANARSIE. TAKE A
RECON.

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, MONTY! A COUPLE OF MORTAR
BURSTS OUT OF OLD BETSY HERE COULD SURE
CHANGE THE SCENERY FOR THE BETTER!





THAT'S A FOUR-BASE
CLOUT IN ANY PARK.
BIG LEAGUE STUFF!

THAT'S OUR BOY, CANARSIE.
... A REAL CLUTCH
HITTER!



SURE GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND,
CANARSIE. CAN'T STAND A
CHANGE OF STRAINING THE
OL' SOUPBONE!

SOMETHIN' TELLS
ME, I'M BEIN' PLAYED,
BUT GOOD!



SGT. HALL, WHERE
THE BLAZING BLUE BATS
HAVE YOU BEEN?

HITTING A HOMERUN,
SIR... THAT IS--
ER...



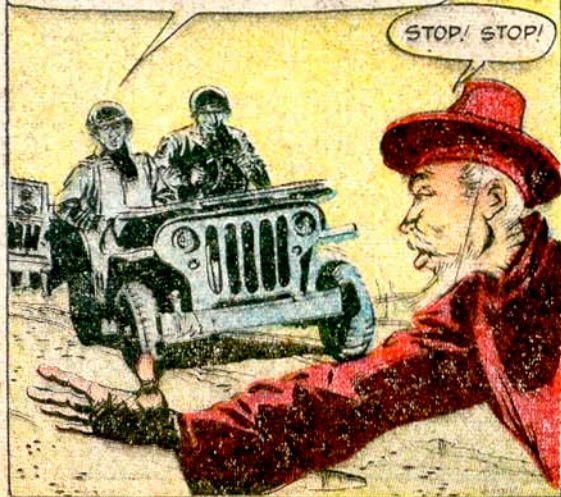
RAPIDLY, MONTY EXPLAINS WHAT HAPPENED.

REALLY CLEARING THE BASES... I MEAN VERY GOOD
WORK, MEN. PLATOON ALLEN ABLE'S IN TROUBLE,
HALL. THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE MEETING
ROKS. BUT RAN INTO A NEST OF REDS INSTEAD!
GET DOWN THERE AND HELP 'EM!...



PARA-SAN, GET OFF THE ROAD 'FORE YOU GET
KNOCKED FLATTER THAN A PANCAKE!!

STOP! STOP!



FINE. OH, FINE! ALL WE NEED NOW IS TO HAVE THE
REDS' FLY-BOYS COME OVER WITH SOME CHINESE
EGG DROPS AND WE'LL ALL BEIN HOT SOUP.



OKAY, PAPA-SAN, START TALKING...
AND MAKE IT LOUD AND GOOD!

I HELP YOU
FOLLOW ME!



MONTY IT'S A TRAP!
DON'T STICK YOUR
NECK OUT ALONE!

I DON'T THINK SO, BUT IF
IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY
BETTER. YOU AND SPUD
CAN COME ALONG!



IT'S A LAND-MINE. FIRST
VEHICLE OVER THAT
WOULD'VE BEEN BLOWN
SKYHIGH!

KIND O'LOOKS AS
IF I OWE PAPA-SAN
AN APOLOGY!



SPUD, YOU'VE GOT TO HIT IT
STRAIGHT ON THE NOSE
TO BLOW IT.

DON'T FRET,
SARGE. I'VE GOT
THIS ROCK EDUCATED!



TEN TO ONE IT'S IN THE STRIKE ZONE!



AN' HE PUT A CURVE ON IT, TOO!



ANYTHIN' COOKIN', MONTY?

PLENTY! THAT ALLEN ABLE PLATOON, HAS GOT ITSELF IN THE HOT SEAT FOR SURE.

IF WE COULD MAKE THAT HILL WITH OUR MORTAR WITHOUT BEING SEEN, WE'D HAVE MORE FIRE-POWER ON THEIR FLANKS!

YOU GISMOS, GIVE US A FEW MINUTES HEADSTART UP THE HILL, THEN START LAYING IT IN. AND KEEP ON FIRING, NO MATTER WHAT!

DO ME A FAVOR, SPUD, AND DON'T GIVE ME NO MORE SAD STORIES ABOUT STRAININ' TH' OL' SOUPBONE, OR I MIGHT DO SOME BRAININ' OF TH' OL' HEADBONE!

OKAY, SORE HEAD!

WE'LL SET THE MORTAR RIGHT HERE, WHERE WE OUGHT TO DO PLENTY OF DAMAGE!

COULD BE. BUT TO WHICH SIDE, MONTY? CAN'T TELL THEM APART FROM UP HERE

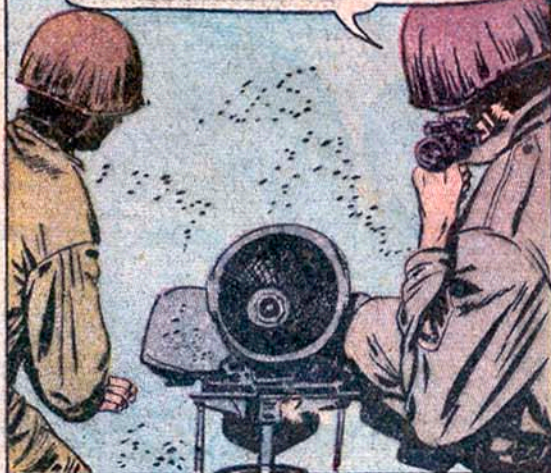
LIKE SPUD'S ROCK, I GOT OUR MORTAR EDUCATED, IT'LL KNOW WHICH SIDE TO BLAST ALL RIGHT!

APPEARS TO ME LIKE
WE'LL BE HITTING
NOTHING BUT POP
FOULS FROM HERE!

DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN,
CLOWN. MONTY'S ONE GUY
WHO ALWAYS HAS HIS
EYE ON TH' BALL!



I'VE GOT THE REST OF THE GUYS IN POSITION
TO COVER US. I'M NOT TAKING CHANCES ON
ANY SURPRISE ATTACK!

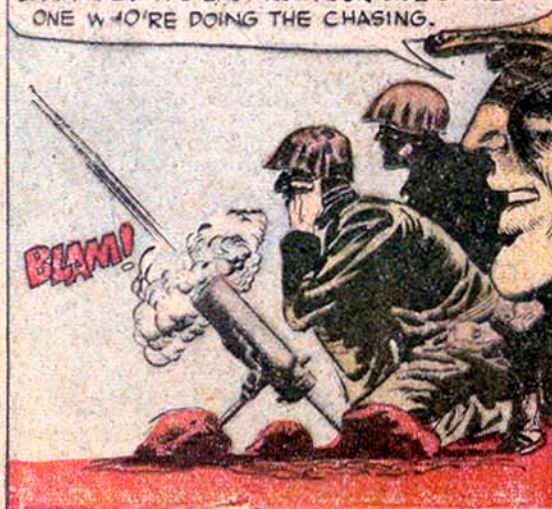


SAY
WHEN!

FIRE



WERE YOU WORRYING ABOUT TELLING 'EM APART,
CANARSIE? IT'S EASY NOW. OUR SIDE'S THE
ONE W'HO'RE DOING THE CHASING.



HEY, SARGE! A WHOLE BUNCH OF REDS HAVE
MOVED IN HERE AND THROWING GRENADES AT ME
AS IF THEY'RE CONFETTI!



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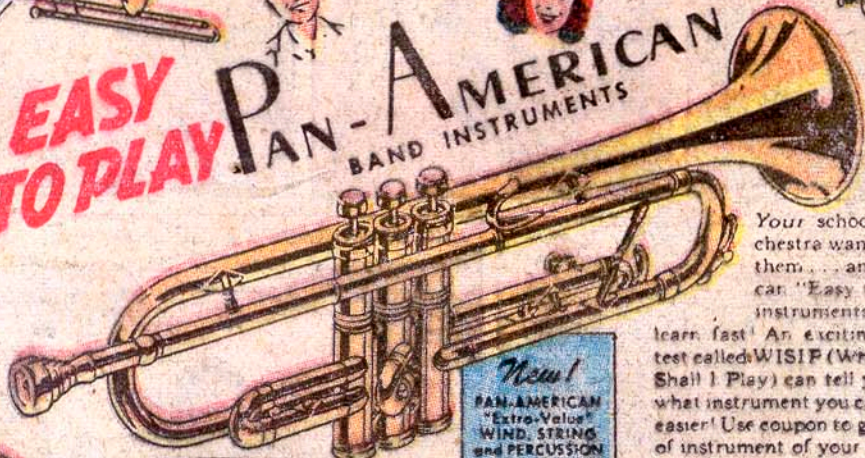
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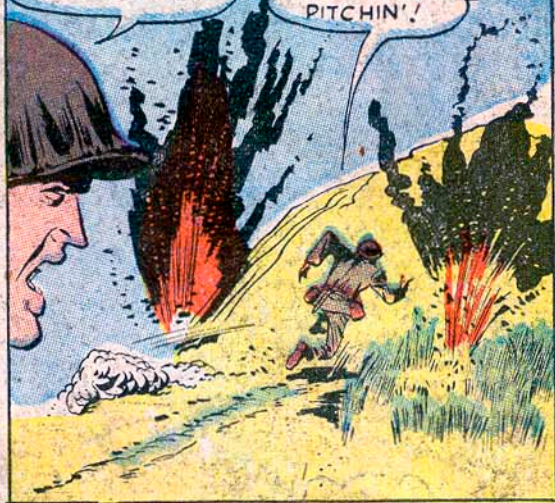
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THOSE RINKY-DINKS UP THERE COULDN'T MAKE A GIRLS' SOFTBALL BUSH LEAGUE!



YOU CRAZY JERK, COME BACK HERE!

NO, SIREE! NOT TILL I SHOW 'EM SOME REAL PITCHIN'!



NOW, I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

STUMBLEBUM, SAVE SOME FOR US!



THE SWAT PARADE MARCHES ON!



THE FUN'S OVER, I GUESS. SURE WAS A GOOD WORKOUT WHILE IT LASTED.

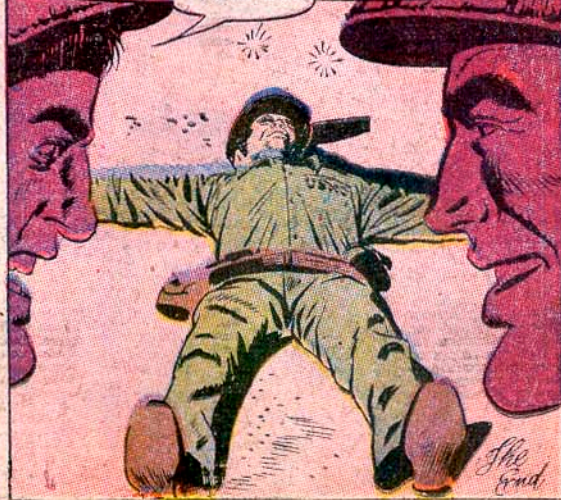
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE FINAL WORKOUT FOR US, IF ANY OF THOSE BABIES HAD EXPLODED!



I... I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE BIG GOOF'S FAINTED.



THE CASE OF THE

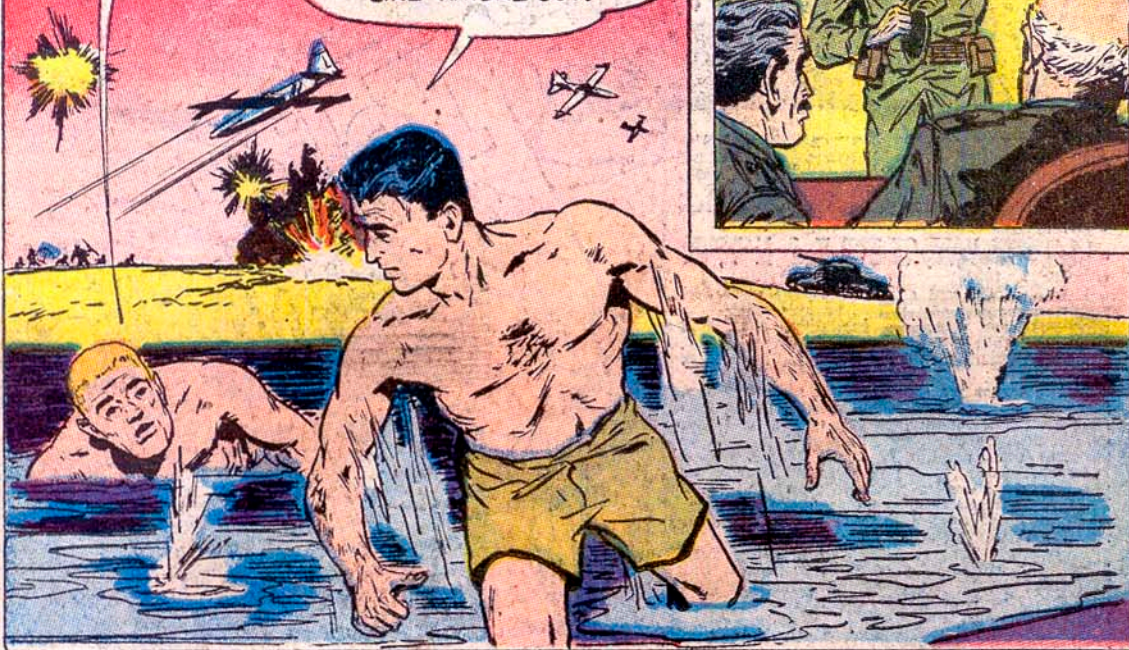
MISSING DOG-TAGS

MONTY, CALLED TO HEADQUARTERS ON A MYSTERIOUS MISSION, IS BUSILY DESCRIBING THE LAST TIME HE HAD SEEN MARINE CORPORAL GRAF SPINNER. IT WAS JUST BEFORE A SECTION OF THE LINE HAD BEEN OVERRUN BY A HORDE OF SHOUTING, BUGLE-BLOWING REDS. MONTY AND GRAF HAD BEEN CAUGHT BY THE SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT WHILE TAKING A QUICK SWIM BREAK.

HEY, MONTY— THOUGHT YOU SAID NOBODY KNEW ABOUT THIS SWIMMING HOLE BUT YOU!

I WAS WRONG! PUT STEAM IN THAT CRAWL, GRAF. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE DOING YOUR FIGHTING LOOKING LIKE NATURE BOY!

YES, SIR, CORPORAL SPINNER AND I WERE TAKING A SWIM, WHEN...



LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S GOIN' TO BE NATURE BOY WHEN THE REDS COME CALLIN' AROUND HERE, MONTY!

SURE DOES, GRAF! YOU'D BETTER START BEATING IT BACK TO OUR LINES. I'LL BE RIGHT ALONG.

HEY... GRAF! YOU'VE GOT MY JACKET! AND MY DOG TAGS ARE IN IT!



TOPS IN COMICS...



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

OF MONTY HALL OF THE U. S. MARINES, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Elliott A. Caplin, 17 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.; Business Manager, Benton J. Resnik, 17 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Toby Press, Inc., 17 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.; Elliott A. Caplin, 17 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.; Jerome B. Capp, 17 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.; Alfred G. Capp, 17 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly and triweekly news papers only.)

BENTON J. RESNIK, Business Manager, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1952.

(Seal) HY WALLIS

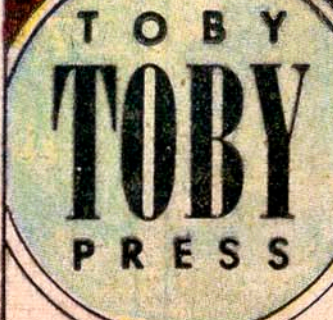
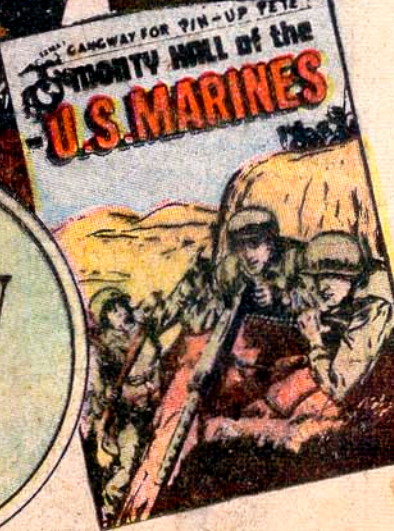
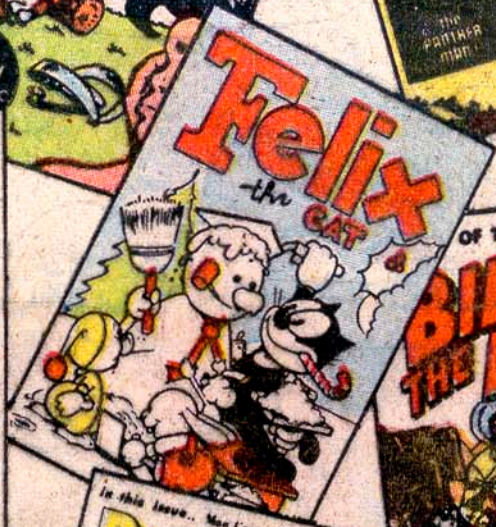
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(Term expires March 30, 1954)



TOBY
TOBY
PRESS

SURELY, SERGEANT HALL. YOU KNEW BETTER THAN TO LEAVE YOUR DOG TAGS IN YOUR JACKET. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WORN AT ALL TIMES!

YES, SIR. I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE ON LOSING THEM WHILE SWIMMING. THE WATER WAS PRETTY ROUGH!

THE FACT THAT YOU DIDN'T WEAR YOUR DOG TAGS THAT ONE TIME IS THE REASON WHY YOU'RE FACING US!

IS IT, SIR? I DON'T GET IT!

THAT'S A PRISONER OF WAR LIST JUST RELEASED BY THE REDS, SERGEANT. RECOGNIZE ANY NAMES ON IT?

GRAFSPINNER'S NAME...AND...AND... SO IS MINE!

RIGHT! AND HERE'S WHY...

A FAMOUS GOVERNMENT SCIENTIST, LOUIS TROUT, WAS SENT TO KOREA BY THE U.N. ON AN OBSERVATION TRIP. HE WAS LAST SEEN FLYING NEAR THAT RIVER WHERE YOU WERE SWIMMING.

THEN YOU THINK HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THE BATTLE!

COULD BE. BUT IT'S MORE LIKELY THAT HE'S A PRISONER. AS YET, WE HAVE NOTHING DEFINITE... EXCEPT THE FACT THAT YOUR NAME APPEARS AS A P.O.W.!

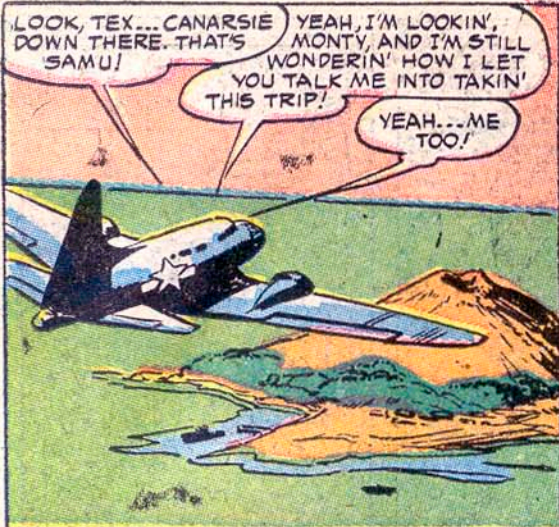
MY DOG TAGS! GRAF GAVE THEM TO TROUT!

EXACTLY. AND IF THE REDS SHOULD FIND OUT HIS TRUE IDENTITY, THEY WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO FORCE HIM TO REVEAL TOP ATOMIC SECRETS. NOW SPINNER AND THE FAKE MONTY HALL ARE BEING HELD PRISONERS ON THE ISLAND OF SAMU...

HMM... I OUGHT TO GET THOSE DOG TAGS BACK, SIR!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT. AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, BRING MR. TROUT BACK WITH YOU!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

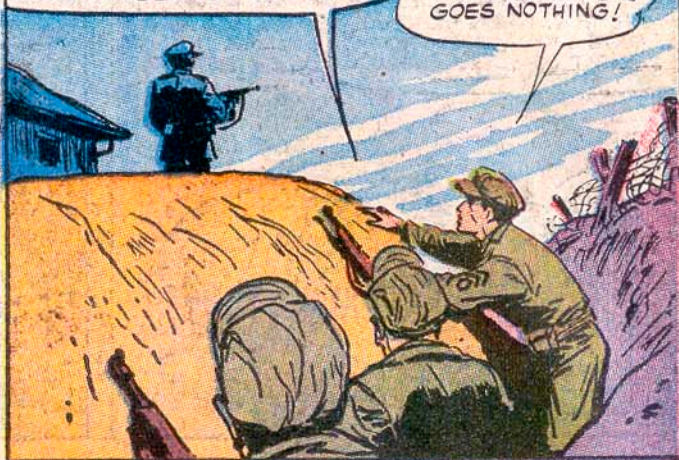


I DON'T GET IT, MONTY. WHY CAN'T THE PRISONERS GET OUT AS EASY AS WE GOT IN? IF THEY DID WHERE WOULD THEY GO? THIS IS A SMALL ISLAND, TEX. THE REDS ARE LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO PULL A TRIGGER.



THAT MAVERICK'S BEEN PARADIN' UP AND DOWN FOR THE PAST HALF HOUR. MAYBE HE'S PING YO!

IF HE ISN'T, SAMU HAS THREE NEW PRISONERS! HERE GOES NOTHING!



BIG FISH!



GOOD, YOU HERE! OTHER GUARDS OUT LOOKING FOR PLANE WITH WINGS ON TOP! I TAKE YOU TO NIM TROUT!

"THE HONORABLE" MR. TROUT! SO THAT'S HIS NAME! NO WONDER THE PASS-WORD WAS "BIG FISH!"



NIM TROUT OVER THERE IN CORNER. YOU GET HIM. MOVE FAST. OTHER GUARDS BACK SOON. SPIES TELL.

THE ONE THING THAT IRRITATES MY SENSITIVE SOUL IS THAT WE CAN'T RESCUE EVERY JOE HERE.



IT'S MONTY HALL! IT'S ME... GRAF SPINNER!

HE CALLED HIM MONTY HALL. AND THE OTHER CALLS HIMSELF THAT TOO. THEY SEND ONE TO RESCUE THE OTHER. THE COMMANDANT WILL BE VERY INTERESTED!



MONTY, THIS IS LOUIS TROUT, HIS PLANE CRASHED NOT TOO FAR FROM ME. WE STARTED BACK TOWARDS OUR LINES, BUT WE NEVER MADE 'EM. WHEN HE TOLD ME WHO HE WAS, I GAVE HIM YOUR DOG TAGS I FOUND IN THE POCKET OF YOUR JACKET!

AND I'VE COME A LONG WAY TO GET THOSE DOG TAGS BACK!



MONTY! PING YO JUST TOLD ME HE SAW A CHARACTER NAMED ZARLOF HIGHTAILIN' IT FOR THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE!

ZARLOF! HE'S THE REDS' NUMBER ONE STOOL PIGEON. YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



HEY! PUT OUT YOUR HAND WHEN YOU'RE STOPPIN'!

WHO'S GOT TIME? LOOK OVER THERE!

BACK INTO THE BARRACKS! WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL!



BUT WHY DID YOU DIG A TUNNEL? YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND!

WE DIDN'T DIG IT... WE FOUND IT! THERE'S A MAZE OF TUNNELS UNDERGROUND, DUG YEARS AGO BY PEOPLE WHO USED TO LIVE HERE. TO BE USED LIKE BOMB SHELTERS, AGAINST THE VOLCANO!



SAY, WHERE DOES THAT TUNNEL GO?

THAT'S ONE THE REDS HAVEN'T DISCOVERED YET. AND IT LEADS RIGHT TO THEIR AMMUNITION PUMP. WE COULD GET ENOUGH STUFF TO BLOW THIS ISLAND SKYHIGH... IF WE DIDN'T MIND COMMITTING SUICIDE!



ENOUGH STUFF TO BLOW UP THIS ISLAND. MAYBE SOMETHING COULD BE ARRANGED!



I'D SURE LIKE TO BE GOIN' ON WITH YOU, BUT I'VE GOT TO HELP PING YO MISLEAD THE GUARDS. HE'S GOT THEM WANDERIN' ALL OVER THE PLACE!

GOOD LUCK, GRAF! MAYBE WE'LL BE SEEING EACH OTHER AGAIN SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

AT THE MEETING PLACE.

THERE SHE IS. THE OLD GREY MARE OF THE AIR. IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS, WHILE THOSE POOR GUYS STILL ROT IN THE PRISON CAMP.

MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY. SO I'M NOT LEAVING!

IT'S A HARE-BRAINED SCHEME, MONTY. I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PULL IT OFF!

IT MIGHT BE JUST SCREWY ENOUGH TO WORK, THOUGH.

SCREWY IS THE WORD FOR IT AND YOU! OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOUR NOTE TO THE C.O. BE SEEN' YOU!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT POWER YOU HAVE OVER ME, MONTY. YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND HERE I AM...UP TO MY NECK IN TROUBLE!

NEITHER OF YOU CAN BLAME ME THIS TIME. I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO STAY!

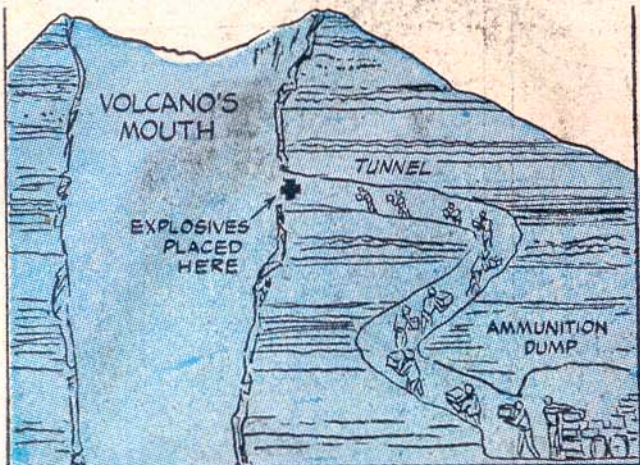
GRAF WAS RIGHT. THE SIDE TUNNEL DID LEAD TO THE REDS' AMMUNITION DUMP!

OKAY, CANARSIE. YOU GO ON AND ALERT GRAF, PING YO, AND THE OTHERS. TEX AND I'LL START WORKING HERE.

WHEN I HEARD A COUPLE OF KNOCKS UNDER MY BED, I DIDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS. NOW I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, MONTY?

GETTING READY TO BLOW THE ISLAND SKYHIGH -NATURALLY!

MONTY'S PLAN WAS SIMPLE. HE WAS GOING TO MAKE THE DEAD VOLCANO ERUPT....

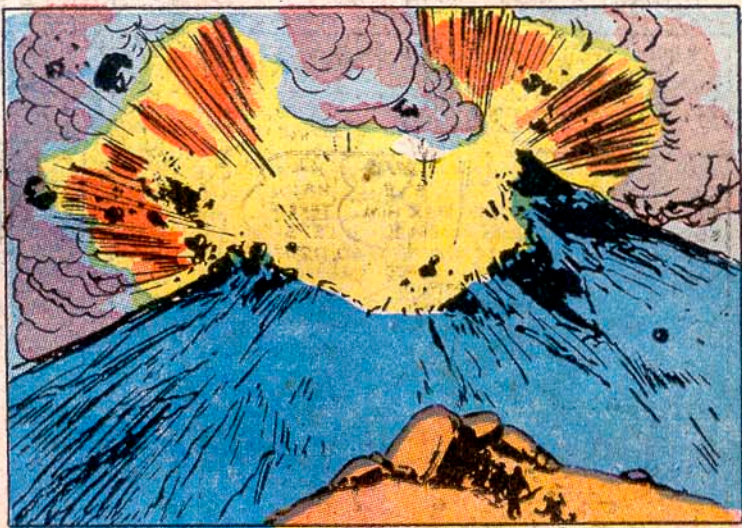
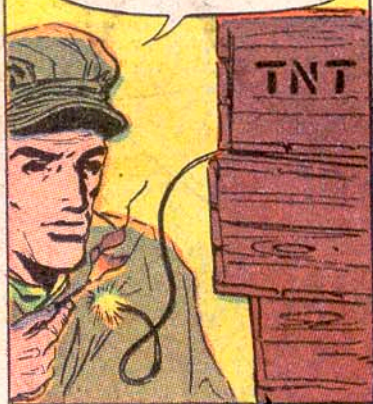


CAUGHT HIM TRYING TO TELL COMMANDANT!

YOU'RE ALL MAD. YOU'LL BLOW UP THE ISLAND. WE'LL ALL BE KILLED.



HERE'S HOPING THAT TROUT WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID THESE TUNNELS ONCE WERE USED AS SHELTERS AGAINST THE VOLCANO!



IT IS GOOD. YOU HAVE VOLCANO LIVE AGAIN!

SURE IS GOOD, PING. DID YOU SEE HOW FAST THE COMMANDANT AND HIS GUARDS SURRENDERED, SO THEY COULD TAKE SHELTER IN THE TUNNELS?

THAT FLYING PONY EXPRESS SURE DELIVERED YOUR NOTE OKAY, MONTY. THEY SENT MORE HELP THAN YOU ASKED FOR!

SAY, MONTY, YOU STILL GOT THAT JACKET OF MINE?



IT'S AROUND SOMEPLACE. WHY?

GOOD! THAT'S A LOAD OFF MY MIND. I LEFT A LITTLE BLACK ADDRESS BOOK IN IT. AND NOW, I'M ON MY WAY STATESIDE. I'M SURE GOIN' TO NEED THAT BOOK!

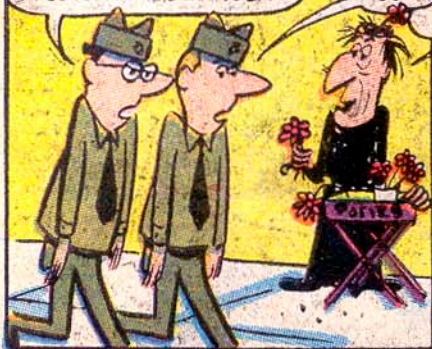


Pin-Up Pete

ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA GIVE PETE WHAT'S COMIN' TO HIM. YUH'D THINK HE'D SHARE SOME OF HIS BABES WITH A COUPLA LONELY GUYS. HE'S A HOARDER OF HEARTS. A LOVER IN THE MANGER.

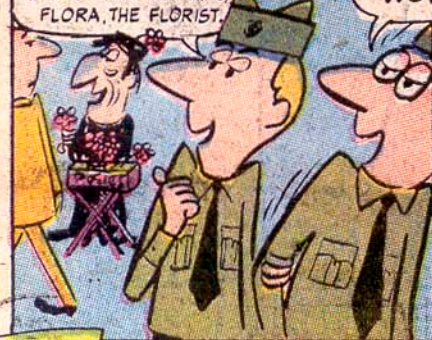
YEAH, I'D SURE LIKE TO FIX THAT SON OF A CRUMB TOO.

FLOWERS?



SAAAY! I'VE JUST HAD A BIG IDEA! WE'LL TELL PETE WE'VE FOUND JUST THE WOMAN FOR HIM. BUILD IT UP, SEE? GET HIM ALL EXCITED. THEN WE INTRODUCE HIM TO THAT OLD HAG FLORA, THE FLORIST.

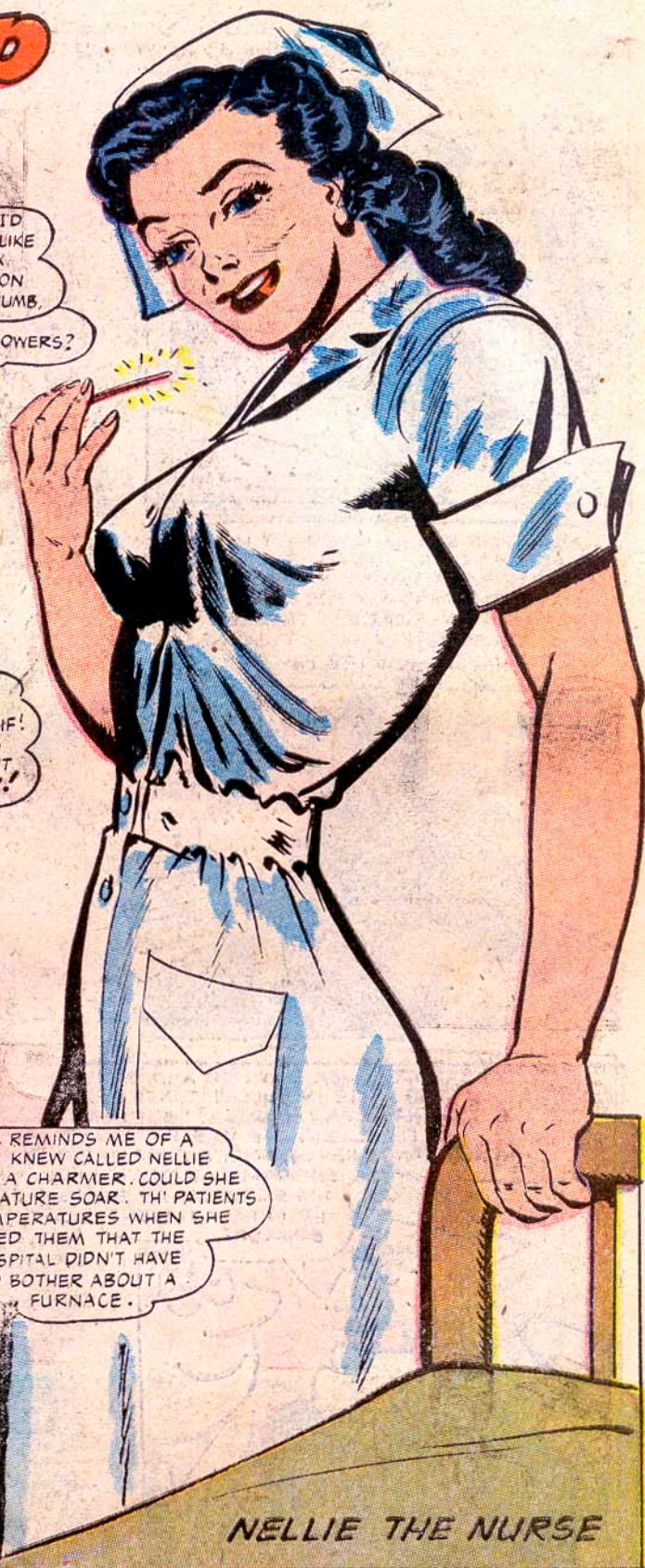
HA! HA! TERRIF! LET'S GO DO IT NOW!



LATER...

AN' HER NAME'S FLORA TH' FLORIST, LOVER BOY. WHAT A LOOKER! AN' SHE'S JUST ACHIN' TO MEET YUH!

WHAT A PRETTY NAME. REMINDS ME OF A LISSOME LASS I ONCE KNEW CALLED NELLIE THE NURSE. THERE WAS A CHARMER. COULD SHE MAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE SOAR. TH' PATIENTS RAN SUCH HIGH TEMPERATURES WHEN SHE ATTENDED THEM THAT THE HOSPITAL DIDN'T HAVE TO BOTHER ABOUT A FURNACE.

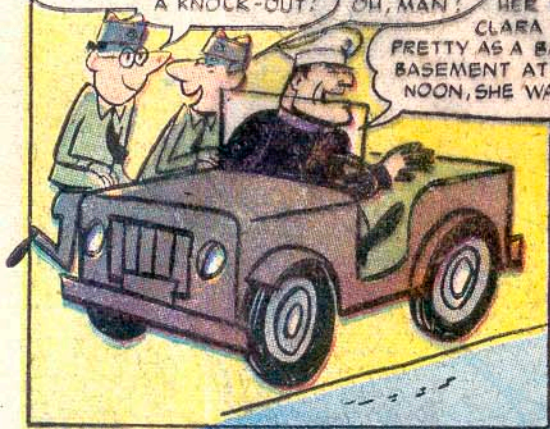


NELLIE THE NURSE

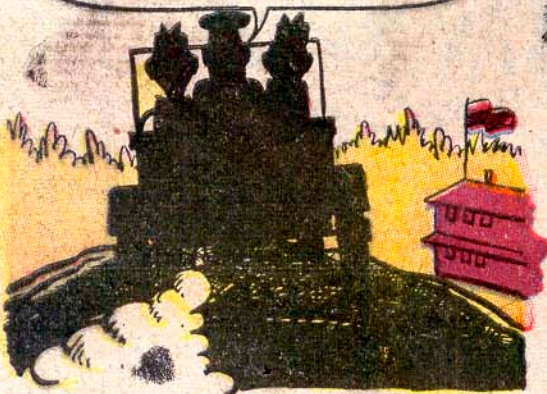
WE'D BETTER HURRY,
LOVER BOY, I CAN SEE
YOU'RE DROOLIN' TO MEET
THIS FLORA TH' FLORIST.
AN' NO WONDER! SHE'S
A KNOCK-OUT!

YOU'LL BE
STAGGERED
WHEN YOU
GLIMMER
HER, PETE.
OH, MAN!

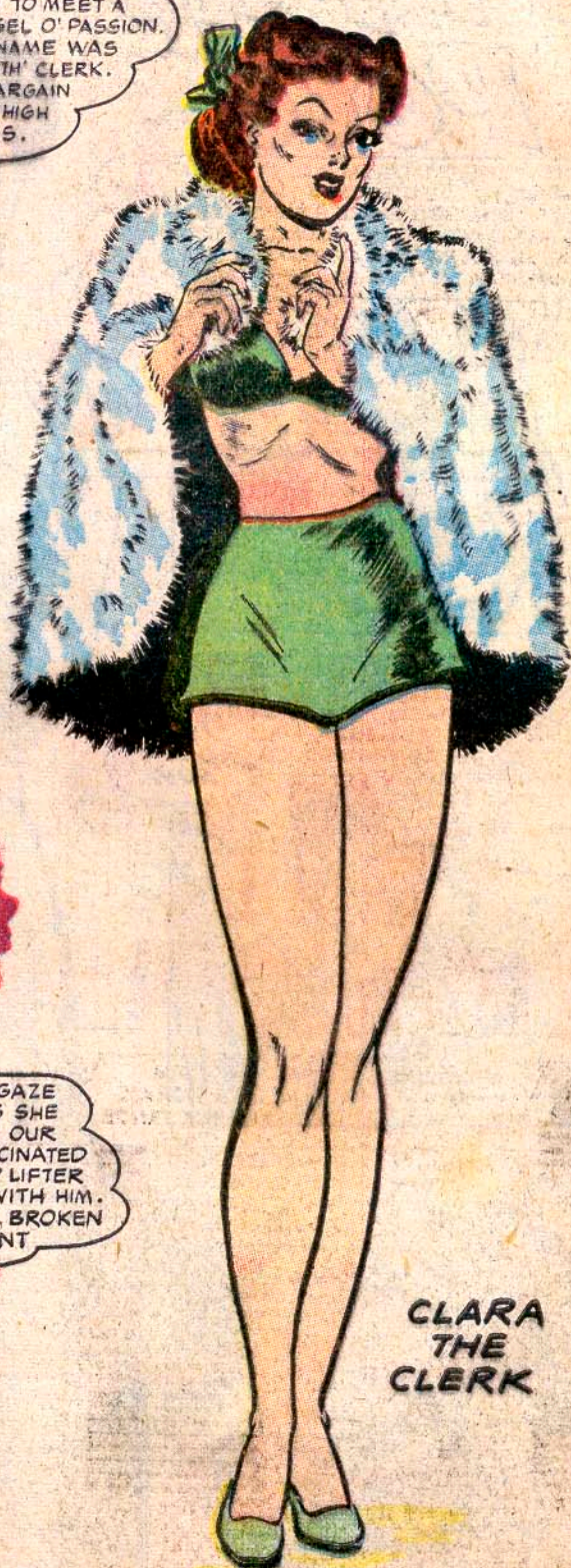
THIS EXCURSION
REMINDS ME OF
HOW I USED TO
RUSH TO MEET A
PASSER O' PASSION.
HER NAME WAS
CLARA TH' CLERK.
PRETTY AS A BARGAIN
BASEMENT AT HIGH
NOON, SHE WAS.



AND COULD SHE SELL YOU A BILL
O' GOODS! CLARA HAD EVERYTHING
ANYBODY WOULD WANT AND MORE. ALL
YOU HAD TO DO WAS ASK FOR IT. AND
CUSTOMERS. THEY CAME IN DROVES.
HER CASH REGISTERS WERE BULGING.
BUT I THINK I WAS HER FAVORITE.



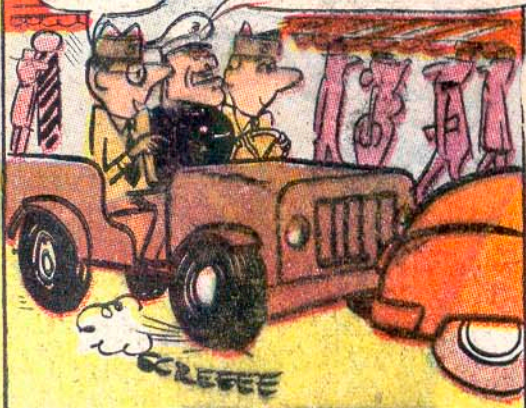
I USED TO LEAN OVER HER COUNTER AND GAZE
INTO HER BLUE EYES WHILE IN DULCET TONES SHE
WOULD MURMUR, "NAME AND ADDRESS?" BUT OUR
ROMANCE NEVER FLOWERED. SHE WAS FASCINATED
BY STRONG MEN. AND WHEN SHE MET A SHOP LIFTER
SHE STOLE AWAY WITH HIM.
THE STORE WAS ALL BROKEN
UP. IN FACT, IT WENT
BANKRUPT.



CLARA
THE
CLERK

WE'LL HAVE TO WALK FROM HERE, PETE. LOVELY FLORA TH' FLORIST HAS HER STAND ON A BUSY STREET!

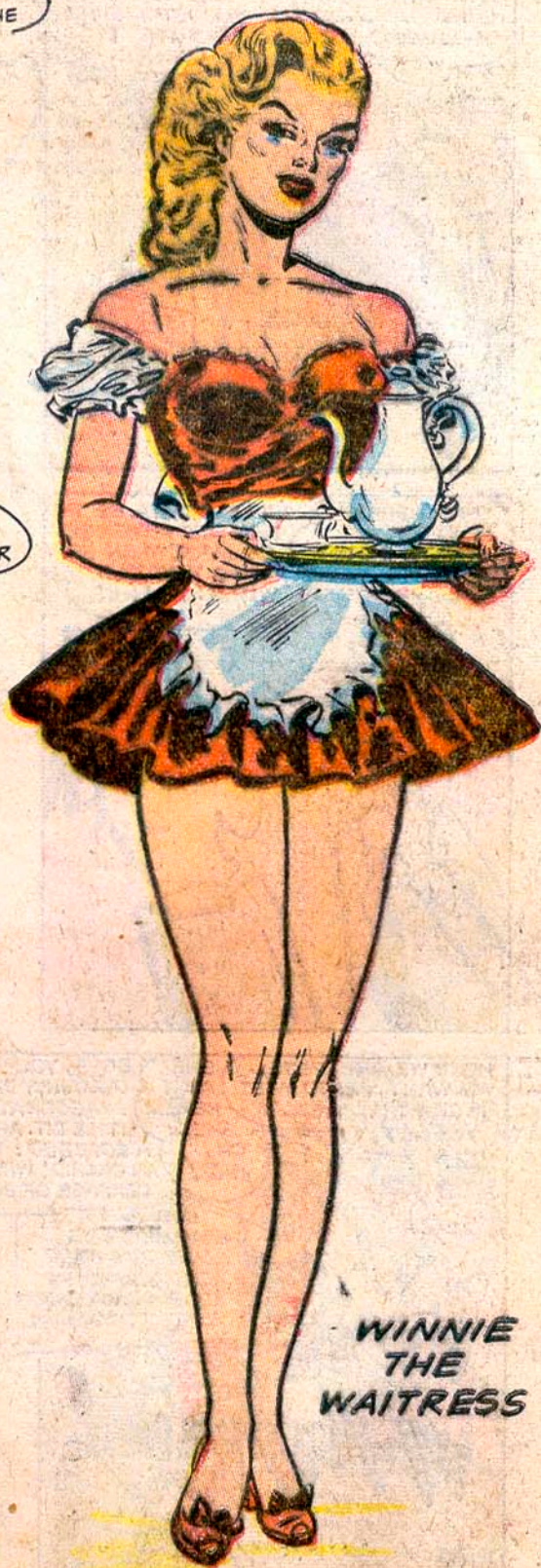
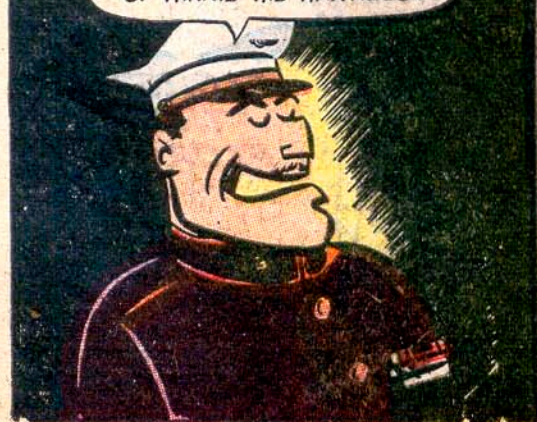
DON'T MIND AT ALL, SOLDIER BOYS. I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMELLIA. WHY THE HIKES I USED TO TAKE JUST TO SEE A CERTAIN BABE WOULD MAKE YOU CRINGE. SHE WAS WORTH IT, OF COURSE.



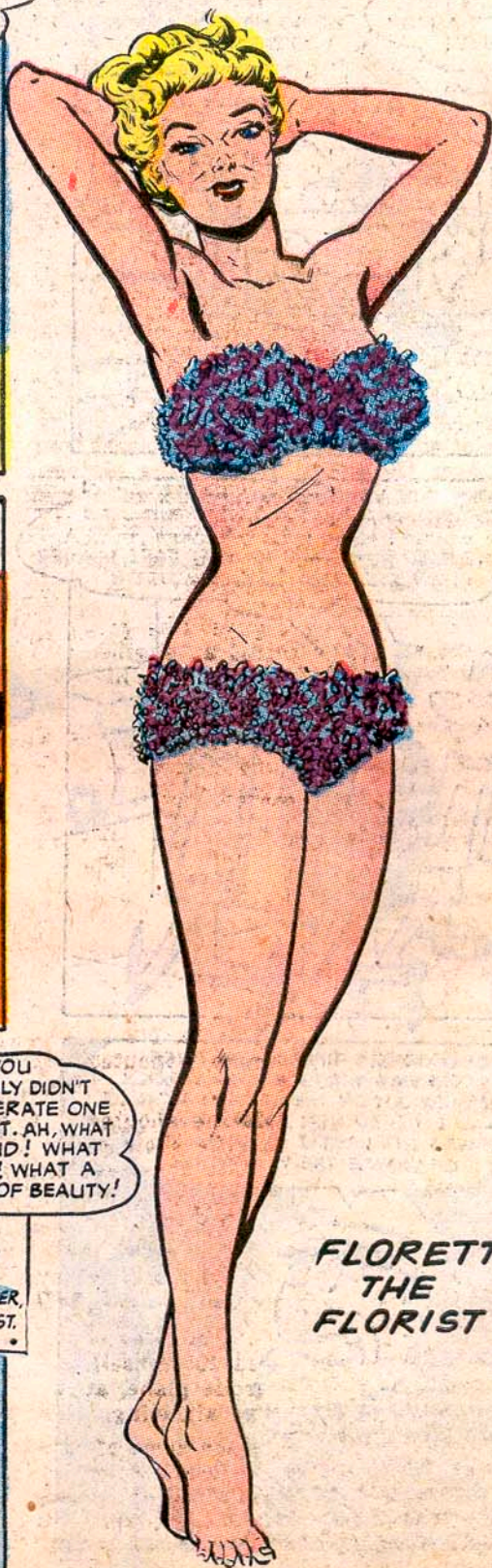
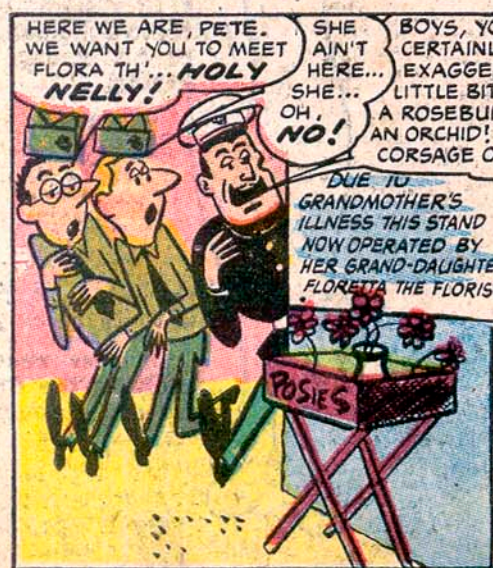
SHE WORKED IN A RESTAURANT, WINNIE TH' WAITRESS DID. AH! WHAT A DISH. IF SHE LIKED YOU EVERYTHING WAS ON HER. WOULDN'T TAKE A NICKEL. I USED TO RUSH INTO THAT CAFE, HUNGER IN MY EYES. AND DID SHE WAIT ON ME.



OF COURSE, I TIPPED HER. ONCE AFTER SHE WAS THROUGH WITH WORK, I TOOK HER OUT ON THE LAKE IN A CANOE. AND I TIPPED HER AGAIN. THAT WAS THE LAST I EVER SAW OF WINNIE THE WAITRESS.



WINNIE
THE
WAITRESS



**FLORETTA
THE
FLORIST**

BIG MIKE

By
T/SGT CHARLES F. X. HOUTS
Marine Corps Correspondent

Big Mike Schuman's strong white teeth were tightly clenched on the long-dead butt of a very black cigar. His thickly-bearded face was lined with the ravages of exhaustion but his sparkling black eyes swept tirelessly over the Marine position. Under the scrutiny of these sharp eyes the Leatherneck platoon dug in.

Mike was a Marine of the old school . . . as tough as nails. His two hundred and fifty pounds of solid muscle towered at least four inches over the tallest man in the platoon. His savvy and confidence in combat was a pillar of strength to the men under him.

A raging fury swept through the big Leatherneck as he searched the low hanging snow-filled clouds for some sign of a plane.

"Where are those fly-guys?" he growled, trying to hear the sound of an engine over the thud-thud of pick and shovel as his men prepared their defensive position.

"What we need is chow and ammo. We can hold here but we need that ammo." Furiously, Big Mike paced up and down the line, gnawing at the ragged cigar between his lips.

At the end of a frozen rice paddy, a Communist officer gave the command that sent his quilted-uniformed soldiers advancing toward the Marine position.

"You guys on security duty, stand by for action. The rest of the lash-up keep working on those emplacements. No firing. We've got to save our ammo," shouted the big Leatherneck.

Even as the gruff Marine shouted his orders, the first sporadic rifle shots of the enemy infantrymen tore into the Leatherneck position.

"Take cover," called the sergeant. "Remember — no firing until I give the word. Squad leaders . . . check your men and weapons."

Mike Schuman spat out a tattered chunk of his cigar, and muttered to himself. Silently he raged at the overdue plane, at the pilot and the whole Marine air wing.

"Sarge, we've got to return some of that fire. They're getting too close." A young corporal with blood streaming down his combat-old face, pointed to the advancing Red troops.

The Chinese commander had guessed the situation and was ordering his men to advance more rapidly. With the flat of his sword, he lashed at the Reds who hung back.

"Okay . . . riflemen open fire!" bawled the sergeant around the dead cigar still clenched in the corner of his mouth. "No automatic weapons fire . . . we'll save that until we need it."

"Hey, Mike," shouted another Leatherneck. "Look at that! There comes a 'copter."

"Set out your marking panels!" shouted Mike. "First squad stay on the line . . . second and third squads stand by for the air-drop. Never mind the chow . . . break out the ammo as soon as it hits the deck."

Like some huge prehistoric bird, the seemingly ungainly 'flying windmill' soared over the nearby ridges to hover motionless over the infantrymen below. A huge cheer swelled up from the Marines as a cargo net of supplies was lowered from the helicopter.

No sooner had the net hit the frozen earth when the men were rushing the ammunition to the front-line squad. The automatic weapons were firing now and Sergeant Schuman was helping to set up a light thirty-calibre machine gun.

Even as they ran with the heavy boxes of thirty-calibre ammunition, the desperate Marines twirled the wing nuts that held down the covers of the wooden boxes. Arriving at their positions, they slammed the crates down before big Mike Schuman, who with a single wrench of his strong arms tore open the tin inner-casing.

It was a grim production line born of combat. As Sgt. Schuman ripped open the boxes, another Marine rushed the ammo to the waiting gunners who delivered it to the enemy.

Almost unnoticed by the Leathernecks, the big Marine helicopter whirled in the air and disappeared over the southern ridges.

A young private first class re-loaded magazines almost as rapidly as the Browning Automatic Rifles blazed the rounds at the surprised Communists.

"All right!" roared the big sergeant, "you guys wanted to burn up ammo. Well, start smoking! I want every weapon barrel

in the platoon red hot. I want 'em so hot I can get a light going on this big stogie of mine."

A howl of laughter greeted this command and the Marines turned to a task for which they had been well-trained. It was 'boot camp' rifle range with moving targets. Eagerly the Leathernecks opened fire. Under this withering hail of well-directed rifle fire, the enemy assault was shattered. Caught out in the open, the demoralized Communist forces turned in their tracks to race headlong in the direction from which they came. The distance-devouring range of the Garand rifles in the hands of expert riflemen cut down more than half of the enemy force before it reached the far end of the frozen rice paddy.

"Okay, you Leathernecks, let's go get 'em!" shouted Sgt. Schuman, springing to to his feet. To a man, every able Marine in the platoon followed him.

"Nelson, you and the third squad stay with the wounded," ordered big Mike. "Cover our advance and guard that chow. We'll be plenty hungry when we clean up this mess."

A completely disillusioned Red officer gazed at the torn and sadly depleted force sprawled around him. Almost every one of them had been wounded at least once, many of them several times. Gone now were all hopes for an easy victory. A slug whistled close to his head, jerked him back to the present from his reveries. A lurking fear came to his eyes as he stared with amazement at the approaching Marines.

This was the enemy he had thought completely in his power, this was the force which had stood their ground with bayonets fixed to the muzzles of their empty rifles. This was the Marine Corps about which he had heard so much. He nodded his head in silent agreement with the rumors he had once scoffed at . . . these were indeed, the Hounds of Hell . . . Devil-Dogs.

And on the rice paddy, Marine Sergeant Mike Schuman spotted the thin figure of the enemy leader. Swiftly he threw his carbine to his shoulder, peered through the sights, and squeezed off a round. A grunt of satisfaction escaped around the dead cigar clenched in his teeth, as Mike saw the Communist officer throw up his hands and pitch headlong to the ground.

With their leader went the last shred of the Communists' morale. Those able to,

threw down their arms and fled in all directions, leaving their wounded comrades on the field of battle.

"Okay, Leathernecks!" roared Sergeant Schuman, "that does it. Never mind the rats scurrying for the hills. Let's take the objective."

There was no need for field tactics, no need for caution. As the Marines stormed the ramparts of the enemy trenches, they were appalled by the sight which greeted them.

Many of the enemy soldiers, deeply steeped in the Red propaganda of Marine brutality, had committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of the Leathernecks. Those still living, immediately set up a wail in sing-song Chinese.

"They're begging us not to torture them. Asking to be killed swiftly," murmured the interpreter to Sgt. Schuman.

"Cut them in on the scoop. Tell 'em we're not going to hurt them. They'll be turned in at field hospitals as soon as possible," growled Mike, feeling a deep-seated hatred for the war-lords of Communism who sent these misinformed troops to fight for a cause which had been forced upon them.

Working swiftly, the Marines saw to the burial of the Red dead, and at a word from big Mike Schuman, began the return trip to their own position. Occasionally they stopped to pick up one of their wounded comrades.

Back in their own position, the Leathernecks were greeted by members of the third squad. Anxiously, these Marines ran forward to help their wounded buddies. Rapidly, food and medical supplies were broken out and friend and foe alike were treated and fed.

"Hey, Mike," shouted Sgt. Nelson, who had remained behind with the squad, "there's a special package for you from Regiment."

"Throw it here, Nel," laughed Sgt. Schuman, "I wonder what those rear-echelon jokers have cooked up now."

Suddenly a huge grin spread over the haggard features of the burly Marine as he uncovered the present from his comrades in the rear.

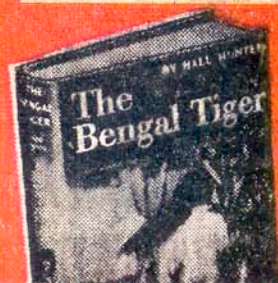
"Now ain't that something! They remembered big Mike . . . Look, you guys . . . big black stogies!" he roared, holding aloft a battered box of the poisonous cigars he loved.

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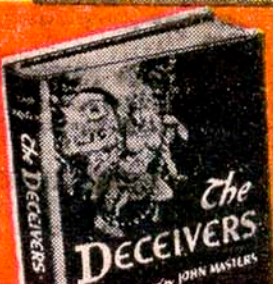
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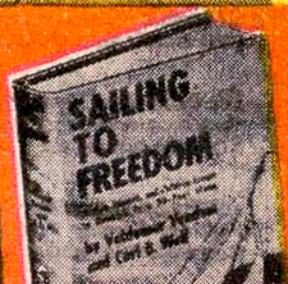
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